# The Revolution.

"What, therefore, God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

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## Poetry.

### LOVE IN HERMITAGE.

Behind closed doors and double locks he bides,
The little anchorite, grave, serene, and sweet—
With radiant wings hid 'neath monastic guise
And quiver laid, forgotten, at his feet.
A wreath of thorns, a knotted scourge hath he,
And drops of flame that are his rosary.

Year after year the May-flowers smile and die;
From tropic gardens, winds elysian blow;
The last pale gentian nods forlorn adieus,
And winter snows drift ghostly to and fro.
"Hath Summer come?" "Is Winter here?" saith he,
And musing turns him to his rosary.

Each carven bead gleams with inherent fire,
Each the brief history of a tilt with Life;
This, tragic Passion—this, a dear Despair—
This, dream of Rest, sweet guerdon of the strife.
"Ah, vivid hopes are prisoned here," saith he,
"In the cold crystals of this rosary."

The soul it is that guards this hermitage;
The busy world, unseeing, passes by,
Counts up its losses, balances its gains,
And reckons not that a treasure's hidden nigh.
Sweet love laughs softly. "Life is short," saith he,
"Unto the grave I give my rosary."

NELLY M. HUTCHINSON.

### THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

I thank my God; I feel that not alone
On mountain peaks his blessed sunshine glows,
And dews drop sweetness; even here far down
In meads a lily grows.

I am his work who made the evening star;
Wherefore I lift to him my flowrets bright.
They die to-morrow, but to-day they are
Beautiful in his sight.

I look upon the hills, and sometimes dream
How they rejoice in morning's earliest light;
And how serene and strong and still they seem
To guard the valleys all the gloomy night.

'Tis said the hights are cold; it may be so;
That winds are keener there and winters drear.
I know not how it is; I only know
My God has placed *me* here—

Here in this little nook of earth, my own!
And sent a sunbeam, mine, to cheer my heart;
He bids me bloom, perhaps for him alone!
Is there a better part?

I bloom, stars shine; we bloom and shine for him:
We give our best, grand world and humble flow'r,
A light, through ages never growing dim,
The fragrance of an hour.

So then he smiles, and takes with equal love
Our equal gifts, nor knows or great or small:
But in his infiniteness reigns above,
And comprehends us all.

### TWO SONNETS.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

I.—WORK.

Like coral insects multitudinous
The minutes are whereof our life is made,
They built it up as in the deep's blue shade.
It grows, it comes to light, and then and thus
For both there is an end. The populous
Sea-blossoms close, our minutes that have paid
Life's debt of work are spent; the work is laid
Before their feet that shall come after us.
We may not stay to watch if it will speed
The bard if on some luter's string his song
Live sweetly yet; the hero if his star
Doth shine. Work is its own best earthly need,
Else have we none more than the sea-born throng
Who wrought these marvellous isles that bloom afar.

II.—WISHING.

When I reflect how little I have done,
And add to that how little I have seen,
Then furthermore how little I have won
Of joy, or good, how little know, or been,
I long for other life more full, more keen,
And yearn to change with such as well have run,
Yet reason mocks me—nay, the soul, I ween,
Granted her choice, would dare to change with none.
No—not to feel as Blondel when his lay
Pierced the strong tower, and Richard answered it—
No, not to do as Eustace on that day
He left fair Calias to her weeping fit—
No, not to be Columbus waked from sleep
When his new world rose from the charmed deep.

## Miscellany.

### *THE EXTINCTION OF BOYS.*

BY MOSES COIT TYLER.

At least, such is the firm opinion of many among us. Boys, they say, are an extinct species of the human animal. I am acquainted with a veracious old gentleman who declares that he has not seen a real boy for upwards of sixty years—in fact, not since he was a boy himself, and peeped into the looking-glass. We still have in the world a few male babies; and we have quite a number of persons of the masculine gender above twenty-one years of age; and we have an assortment of extremely experienced and mature gentlemen, eight, nine and ten years old;—but still no boys! This is a proud era of civilization—this nineteenth century—and in deference to it that gawky and verdant epoch in human life which used to lie between baby-hood and man-hood has been abolished as an impertinence. So, at least, they say, and in saying so they have on their side the explicit authority of the great Mr. Willett, in "Barnaby Rudge." "My belief," quoth he, "is that there an't any boys left—that there isn't such a thing as a boy—that there's nothing now between a male baby and a man—and that all the boys went out with his blessed Majesty, King George the Second."

Of course all who assent to Mr. Willett's sceptical theory on this subject will put their own construction on Wordsworth's famous line—

"The child is father of the man."

They will insist that there is no paradox here: why *should* not the child be father of the man, since he is so much older!

I do not mean to get myself into trouble by taking very decided ground either for or against this view of the boy question; but in passing I would respectfully submit a consideration or two to those of us who appear to think that they have not seen any boys in very many years. How far is this impression due to a change in our own eyes, instead of in the objects upon which our eyes fall? If we could once more look through our boy eyes, perhaps we should still see a great many boys all about us. Certainly there is a vast amount of pertness and conceit and prematurity in these twelve-year old gentlemen; and it must be confessed that in America all these unpleasant qualities are aggravated to an extreme degree of development. But after all, are we quite sure that our seniors did not think the same of us when we were at that most wise age; and their seniors, likewise, the same of them?

From some studies in real life which I have been making this summer, I am forced to think that entangled with this opinion about the extinction of boys, then, is often a sentiment of lackadaisical regret over one's own departed boyhood. How common it is to hear men, when agitated or depressed in the rough battle of existence, express for their own boyish years, a tenderness which those years hardly deserve. In short, there is a deal of humbug in this fond recurrence to the juvenile period and in this half-wish for its restoration. It is Byronic rather than manly or natural. Really who of us could honestly respond and consent to that melodramatic strain of Childe Harold:

"Ah! happy years! once more, who would not be a boy?"

That is all very well if you want to unite or spout Byronic poetry; but I should like to get sight of the man who in sincere prose is willing to admit that, for any consideration he *would* be a boy once more. No! If there is any one thing in life which a grown person ought to be particularly grateful for, it is that he is at last rid of that wretched, raw, lubberly, ill-conditioned period of mortality. Boyhood is a swindle and a nuisance. He surely deserves pity whose taste of adult life is such as to allow him to wish for a plunge once more into that green pool. All about us here this summer are boys, let loose from school—racing up and down the street, frolicking on the common, playing at marbles, flying kites, tossing and knocking balls, climbing into cherry trees, fighting, laughing, crying, and giving themselves up to what they call fun. I like them. I like to see and hear them, and to play with them somewhat. Yet my greatest satisfaction comes from remembering I am not any longer one of them. What a crowd of little savages they are—what overbearing brutes to the weaker ones. How cowardly towards the stranger, and what a lawless, uncivilized, exposed and whimsical life they have of it! The protections and the

amenities of civil order do not operate among them. My own little boy, if he would walk from this corner to the next, instinctively runs his eye this way and that to see whether he is likely to encounter a larger ruffian than himself who will be likely to knock his hat off, or pitch him into the gutter. Then, too, if independence is sweet to men, it is to boys; yet it is necessary that they should be denied that supreme luxury, and be ordered this way and that, their individuality denied them. Moreover, I have been getting some testimony from the boys themselves: I have been asking them to tell me squarely how they like it as far as they have got; and I find that boyhood is an epoch which is endured more frequently than it is enjoyed. Not one of these boys shouting so merrily on yonder common but wishes he were out of the scrape, and longs to be a man—to be free, to get hold of real life, to have the privileges and chances which are now denied him. So that I conclude boyhood to be an uncomfortable thing, a period of impatient longing, of ill-balanced living, of measles and torn trousers and immaturity. Who *would* be a boy again? What well-grown oak would consent to be turned into a sapling?

It occurs to me, however, that we older fellows might contrive to do something for our raw brothers and sons, and help them to get through with these early years more happily and profitably. For example, we might plan for them somewhat with our older heads, and betray them into special satisfactions and wisdoms, and tyrannize over them and bother them less than we do, and keep them out of some scrapes both physical and mental that we ourselves blundered into. It is rumored that some persons have actually experienced happy boyish boyhoods. Above all things we may try to show these boys how to get the good out of boyhood; how to keep out discontent; how to avoid too early a growth of ambition, and anxiety, and gravity, and thereby avert the applicability to them of Swinburne's terrific description,

"His face was full of gray old miseries."

I have no doubt that many of us, now grown up, feel that we have made a miserable mistake in our early years by antedating the solemnities of life. We did not begin to live gaily, and to take things in the ideal boyish fashion, till we got to be twenty-five or thirty. God pity those boys whom poverty or cruelty or morbid religious teaching turns into little old men. What multitudes of us were cheated out of our fair share of boyhood in some of these ways! So we resolve to indemnify ourselves by having an Indian summer of boyhood far on in the autumn of life For my part, I would not return to boyhood, but I would have boyhood return to me, and stay with me the rest of my days. In this sense it must have been that Edmund Burke meant to be understood when to the saying, 'Port for heroes, and claret for boys"—he replied, "Well, then, give me the claret!" The great fascination about Thomas Hughes, who is coming to see us this summer, is that he is and always will be what he calls himself on the title page of some of his books—"An Old Boy."

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It is reported from Paris that fashionable girls have appeared upon the streets this summer wearing sandals of such form, as to leave the rosy sides and white upper portion of the instep bare.

## *A HOT WEATHER LETTER.*

BY MRS. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

HIGHWOOD PARK,
TENAFLY, N. J, July 14th.

*Dear Revolution:*

You ask why I have so long forgotten your readers. Like Ruth, dear friends, I have been gleaning fresh love and faith in humanity, here and there, in fields of grace and goodness, where dwell the saints of earth, hid away in their little Paradises, among grand mountains and beside still waters.

As flowers whose fragrance fills the air, oft blush unseen, so many of our best schools, exerting the most powerful influences in moulding the true men and women of the future, find no notice in our daily journals.

While "windy theorizers" (as conservatives call the unhappy radicals who dig down for first principles), have been discussing the education of boys and girls together, lo! in the quiet town of Belvidere, N. J., a little woman who writes poems and books as meek as a lily of the valley, Belle Bush by name, with the aid of two sisters, has been teaching the sons and daughters of Eve mathematics and the languages in the same classes, for the last eight years, and as yet there has been no earthquake in New Jersey, neither have the heavens fallen.

I never attended commencement exercises, where there was more life, freedom and variety. The girls moved about with a quiet self-possession and dignity, as if the born queens God meant they should be; heads straight, not tilted on one side, blushing and simpering as if guilty of some crime, or as if apologizing for their existence on the earth. The girls read their own compositions, and in fluency and expression, excelled the boys every time.

The gymnastic exhibition was admirable, a great credit to the Professor, Miss Mary Hunt, of Northampton.

The dramatic entertainment proved the genius, and love all children have for acting, and the importance of making it a part of our school education. "Longfellow's Student" was never better represented than by the three tall maidens in male attire, with moustaches, ratans, long swords, and a duel, well fought; as the parties had taken fencing lessons for the occasion. The love-making to shorter maidens with blue eyes and flaxen curls was so easy, earnest, graceful, and refined, with none of that shy, vacillating awkwardness that marks the genus homo in his first essays, that I wished, in my soul that those artistic, poetical phases of our social life, might be guided and directed by the more spiritual intuitions of women. *Sub rosa*, in view of his many and egregrious blunders of sundry times, and in divers places, in the kingdom of the affections, I candidly believe that Nature intended man for the rough work of life to dig into philosophy, politics, paralellograms, and potatoes, and humbly to wait in his material sphere until selected by the Queens of the hearthstone, fit subjects for hoe and home. Much of the present disorder comes from the assumption of all these social prerogatives by the wrong party.

The Belvidere visit wound up with the wedding of the younger Miss Bush, to the Professor of Mathematics. Ah! the sly fox, while teaching others the glories of squares and hexagons, he went angling all through the year himself, while describing the dignified, independent course of parallel lines, he was stealthily converging two lines into one.

By the night train on the Erie I slipped out to Alfred Centre, a little gem-of-a-place, amid the Alleghanies in western New York. There, is another great school for both sexes, under the supervision of President Allen, a nice and liberal man. It is just the spot for boys, pure air, plenty of room, ten miles from the railroad, not one drop of intoxicating liquor sold there in thirty years, and where the omnipresent eye of woman keeps them hedged about in virtue's ways. As I went there merely to give "Taming of the Shrew," before one of the literary associations I did not hear the commencement exercises, but from the appearance of the young ladies and gentlemen, and the character of their Professor, I have no doubt of their excellence.

In returning, I visited Mrs. Gleason's Water Cure, at Elmira, another charming mountain home, where the bracing air, pure water, and well-cooked food, must give new life, and vigor to the invalids who gather there from all parts of the country.

Mrs. Gleason's personnel is striking and prepossessing, tall, graceful, delicately organized, large, dark eyes, fine teeth, soft brown hair, a sweet expressive face, a quiet, impulsive manner, and withal, a well educated physician, who has devoted twenty years of her life not only to healing the sick but in teaching women how to live. She has just published a book, "Talks to my patients," which every woman should read.

The entire household assembled in the parlor in the evening, to hear the discourse on woman's suffrage, as the audience became so interested as to ask questions and make objections, we had quite a lively time, so much so that Mrs. Gleason told the patients they could retire for the night without the usual baths and rubbings, as their vital forces had been sufficiently roused in the discussion. I have no doubt if sick men and women all over the country, could awake to the vital, varied and voluminous question of woman's suffrage, they would soon enjoy new health and vigor. Occupation for the hands merely, does not supply the mind with its needful stimulus. Women want something more to think of than "suckling fools, and chronicling small beer." Hundreds of lunatics and invalids would be sane and sound to-day had their sphere of thought and action been more varied and comprehensive. So talk woman's suffrage if only as a sanitary measure.

Going to the housetop to take a view of the country, I learned something of "Woman as inventor."

Crouching in one corner of the attic a huge elephant dawned upon me, who had figured in the Christmas festivities. He was fearfully and wonderfully formed, composed chiefly of bone and cuticle, without vital organs, nerves, muscles, liquids or gases. With a commendable spirit of investigation, I peered beneath his skin and perceived that his ribs consisted of a substantial hoopskirt, his locomotive power I was told depended on two small Jonas, swallowed in the hour of action. The artist of this rare specimen of natural history was Mrs. Thomas K. Beecher, who from all people say, seems to be the moving spirit in that town, alike on all festive and solemn oc-

casions. As I contemplated this gifted animal and heard with what joy his advent was hailed by patients and children, I thought how much the versatile genius of the Beecher family had done for the amusement as well as the substantial good of their day and generation. This reminds me of a good story I heard about Henry Ward Beecher. As he is now enjoying his annual infliction, the "hay fever" and takes little note how the world goes round, this is a good time to tell it, that we may have our laugh out before he reappears upon the stage of action.

It seems that once on a visit to Mrs. Stowe, some great occasion calling for an extra curling and frizzing among the ladies of the household, Mr. Beecher was imbued with the spirit of decoration, and urged his nieces to curl and friz his hair also. This novel request so amused the young fry that all promptly entered into the fun with the greatest zest. He was accordingly seated in a large arm chair, in the centre of the room, where for the space of one hour he remained as patient as a lamb, while with hot irons, fairy fingers curled and frizzed those venerable locks, into most generous dimensions.

With the addition of a becoming bonnet, skirt, and mantilla, and a fan, he presented so lady-like an appearance that he was quite unwilling to return to the sombre garb of manhood. Alternately reclining on the sofa, talking with true feminine affectation, promenading up and down the parlor with the Grecian Bend, and surveying himself in the glass with the greatest satisfaction, ever and anon he exclaimed "I do wish Bruce, or some of those Hartford people would come in."

Professor Stowe was so convulsed with the whole proceeding that it was feared he might share the fate of the poor man in Holmes' "Height of the ridiculous."

However as no one came in, Mr. Beecher at last proposed they should go out and visit certain friends, so Mrs. Stowe ordered the carriage, and they went first to Mrs. Hooker's. She being much occupied declined seeing the stranger, but Mrs. Stowe insisted on her coming down, as the lady wished to talk to her about the woman question, as she thought of lecturing on that subject. On entering the parlor, one glance at those mischievous eyes satisfied her as to the identity of the strange lady, and she exclaimed "I know you! wolf in lamb's clothing."

More of my journeyings next week, who I saw and what they said, all about our National birthday; Mr. Seward, Gerrit Smith, &c.

Adieu,

E. C. S.

## *IDLE WOMEN.*

BY ELIZABETH TUPPER WILKES.

Among the readers of the REVOLUTION I know there are scores of young women with nothing to do, or those who are wasting their lives in uncongenial work.

I have something to say unto you: the time has passed for any young woman to go "uselessly, aimlessly drifting thro' life."

The time has come for earnest action. Each young woman should now enter life as a young man does, feeling that it means work. Woman's sphere as man's is bounded alone by her God-given talents.

The way is now open for any woman to do whatever she can do well.

All honor to those noble women who in the face of ridicule, braving even abuse, have so bravely and persistently brought before the public woman's wrongs and rights.

But to-day we need not so much talking as acting.

Once let the world see that women can sustain themselves in the several professions and business departments, and the woman question is settled to the satisfaction of all.

You who are longing to work but waiting in fear and trembling, I would urge to enter at once whatever calling you feel your nature fits you to fill.

The world is ready to receive you. Go to it in earnest without stopping to argue your right to the place, and by success prove your right to it.

No one has a right to excuse her life of idleness or frivolity by pleading that there is nothing for her to do. You have as wide a field to choose from as a young man in the same position.

The professions are all open. Every department of business will open if firm hands but knock at the doors.

There is still prejudice to meet I grant, but if you have not the requisite womanly strength to overcome this you are unfit for the work at which you aim. It is wonderful to see how quickly prejudice flies before our earnest woman's success.

Earnestness will be recognized and rewarded anywhere.

You will find no more generous helpers than among men.

"I speak that which I do know and testify to that which I have seen:" In nearly two years' experience in a profession which brought me constantly before the public I met with nothing but kindness from men.

As I entered the work men not only gave me room, but held out strong friendly hands to help me to a place beside them.

Part of the time traveling from place to place, I met backwoods farmers and their city brothers, men in every condition of life, but I can impeach no man for want of gallantry.

My experience may be a peculiarly happy one, but any woman will find many encouragements as well as trials before her if she enters her work in the right spirit.

Find out for what you are fitted and go to it perseveringly.

There is a crying need for educated female physicians. Every town should have one. It will be years before this demand can be filled. A large part of the physician's duties will in time pass into woman's hands.

There can be no more inviting field to any young woman who would give herself up to work for humanity's good.

The pulpit is needing woman's heart-moving power. Those who have entered it have been eminently successful. With the education and consecration necessary to a man's success a woman can be ten-fold as successful.

In your choice of work, however, beware of letting your ambition mislead you into disgrace. No department of labor is so sadly needing intelligent laborers as the household. It would doubtless require more moral courage to-day for some women to enter the kitchen to become mistress of the sciences of housekeeping than to take up the practice of law. But no field is wider open than this.

At present I know such work is poorly paid and society's ban is upon such workers, but let skillful educated hands take it up and there will be a wonderous change.

Woman is to be emancipated by elevating labor. We need to learn that the woman dignifies her work and not work the woman. I know many girls who, to-day, are drudges in the school-room, who might reign in a household, but for false pride.

When work is drudgery it degrades. Do not be afraid of the kitchen. If needing to work your way to something else, enter it feeling that you are not only honorably earning your own way, but doing your part toward elevating that sphere of labor.

If you have a natural taste for house work, perfect yourself in it, and enter upon it as others enter other callings, trusting to your character and ability to win for you and your work respect.

Many of you doubtless feel within yourselves the capacity for certain work, but are met with certain difficulties. Remember "nothing is denied to patient and well-directed effort." Set your face resolutely toward the mark of desires.

If directed from any work by the lack of preparation, and the want of means to obtain proper education, be not dismayed.

How many young men have worked their way thro' years of preparatory study? Be not afraid to work and willing to deny yourself in the present, and these obstacles can be overcome.

But there are some whom God has hedged in with duties.

Many who are longing to use in some broader sphere the talents they are conscious of possessing; enduring constantly the gnawing pain of hungry aspirations, yet bound to a tread-mill round of irksome duties with no brighter hopes beyond.

God give to your lives a window opening upward, that visions of the great Hereafter may bring compensation for the narrow-walled Present. Remember Christ's dear assurances that the least service "done unto Him," shall not fail of a reward.

The greatest earthly life can receive no greater plaudit than "*she hath done what she could.*" I pity any who, in this hour of earnest awakening has not been moved by new aspirations, nor thrilled by new hopes for her sex. The present is big with hope for the future.

Just before us is a woman who is to be Christ's greatest instrument for the world's salvation. She is one whose whole nature is cultivated. A woman of expanded waist and brain.

Her heart is no less warm because her judgment is truer. Her intuition no less delicate because her reason is cultivated. No less womanly because self-reliant. No poorer wife and mother because able to grasp wider ranges of thought. Her hands may be larger, but so pure the impure dare not touch them.

Mean motives will shrink away before her educated instinct. No longer man's slave or plaything, but his companion, equal, friend.

Lord, hasten the coming of this *helpmeet* whom thou hast ordained from the beginning to send!

A Kentucky editor announces that he has admitted his wife to a full partnership in the office.

## *WOMEN IN SPAIN, CHINA AND PERU,*

We clip from our exchanges the following accounts of the dress, manners and customs, of the different nations, all curious by their contrast with each other; and, also by their unlikeness to the habits and ways of our own country women:

SPAIN.

Men are treated very differently from women by Spanish ladies. These seldom rise on receiving the former, or offer their hand or accept the arm of their escort; but they kiss the latter at coming and going. The striking contrast is thought to arise from the inherent feminine coquettishness, the dark-eyed Castilians desiring to show men what delights they are debarred from by reason of their sex. One of the reasons assigned by the women for not giving their hand to their masculine friends is, that the doing so disarranges their mantilla; and another, that it is likely to be mistaken for a matrimonial intention. The Spanish men, who always are saying ill-natured and cynical things about the other sex, declare that the mantilla is a much more serious matter than marriage; that an ill-fitted garment is more difficult to manage than a poor husband.

Unless a Spaniard presses you again and again to repeat your visit, and assures you his house is yours, and it and all it contains at your disposal, you can conclude you are not welcome; that you have not created a favorable impression. Birth-days are made much of, and when they occur formal visits are expected. New-year's is devoted to calls, as on this side of the sea, and presents, remarkable for their fitness rather than value, are often made to those on whom you call.

CHINA.

The peasant women of China have large and natural feet. Their costume consists of wide pants reaching only to the knee; a loose sack reaching a little below the hips, belted around the waist, and a little white apron, half a yard square, pinned on plain. They do not wear shoes and stockings, from the knees the legs are bare. They have no fires in winter to warm by, but as the cold increases they put on clothing until they are of immense size, and their bodies look like a barrel with a head sticking out of the top, walking with bare legs and feet. None but those who work in the rice fields in the sun, ever wear any covering for the head. The rich and poor all dress their hair in the same style; neatly combed in a low knot on the top of the head, and these ornamented with flowers and long hair pins, or bodkins, either of silver or brass. The women of China are not tall, but stocky and squarely built, and the working-woman very muscular. They will carry with apparent ease, two or three hundred pounds on their shoulders. The small footed women are unable to do any kind of hard work, as they cannot walk without a cane or some one to support them. No man is satisfied unless he has one wife with small feet, and unless betrothed to one when children, by their parents. They will work years to gain means to buy one, and the smaller the feet the higher the price.

PERU.

We will visit the family of one of Lima's aristocracy—the father of a leading Senator and formerly Minister of War under Prado; the lovely daughters, patterns of fashion, models of beauty, and of the very *elite* of Lima society. We open one of the many glass doors and find ourselves in an inner hall, the floor set in mosaic marble; a little Cholo boy, asleep on a mat, comes to us, and presenting our card, we were ushered across the hall, through other ground-glass doors, into the drawing-room. Here we sit in French chairs or sofas of gilt and yellow satin upholstery, until the mother enters. She comes in smoking, if no later than 2 P. M., and with her black silk skirt and her hair braided in long plaits. She may wear a sacque of red cashmere. Advancing to you, she removes her cigar, (spits on the carpet, although it is a white velvet tapestry ground,) and folds you in both hands to her matronly bosom, putting your head on her shoulder and patting you softly on the back. If you are a young man you at *first* feel embarrassed, but her perfect suavity of manner soon sets you at ease. Clapping her hands, a servant brings in native fruits and a bottle of native wine, and you are expected to partake of some of them. If the daughter delays in coming, she opens the piano and plays you some of those old national dances—brilliant, yet sad; minor, yet so exciting, that our lamented Gottschalk so admirably imitated in "Ojos Creoltos," &c. The daughters never keep you long, but appear in white wrappers and hair braided as the mother. If you converse, they can speak a little French, some of them, but the knowledge of history or geography is all confined to Peru. They know nothing else, and can seldom more than read and write. Yet while they maintain "that other lands must be beautiful, but give me Peru—other cities famous and great, but I care for none but Lima." You are charmed by their polished manner, the hearty embrace they give you on entering, the reception and welcome they bestow upon you, the hospitality and absence of apology, and the charming freedom and innocence of their address. They will play (from ear mostly) and well, and without urging. They dance as gracefully and naturally as possible, and they urge you to repeat your call or visit, with the most sincere expressions of pleasure at your coming. The soft, languid black eyes, the clear, olive complexion, and straight black hair—all growing from their heads in such wonderful profusion the liquid, Spanish accent, and perfect ease of their manner, all serve to fascinate you, and you fail to observe that they are perfectly illiterate and ignorant; and their hands are often dingy, though covered with diamonds; and that the tiny foot peeping from the trailing white wrapper has often no stocking (or a very dirty one,) and a torn old slipper.

## *THE HEROINE OF ADAM BEDE.*

Dr. Abel Stevens has concluded his History of Methodism and is at work upon a history of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States. The new edition of his volume includes a sketch of Dinah Evans, the heroine of Adam Bede. The doctor thinks it will be a satisfaction to most readers of that novel to know that Dinah married, not Adam Evans, as the authoress represents, but his brother Seth. In her childhood she was remarkable for her docility, conscientiousness, and sweet disposition, and when Wesley's travels had raised up through the land societies in the social worship of which women were allowed to share, her rare natural talents found exercise in a sphere which no other denomination except Quakerism then afforded. She preached in colleges and sometimes in the open air; and her appearance, her woman delicacy, and her affecting eloquence subdued the rudest multitudes. She was a constant visitor to the abodes of wretchedness and the dens of crime—the charm of her benign presence and speech securing her not only protection, but welcome among the most brutal men. She even followed the penitent murderess to the gallows, ministering to her till the last moment. Elizabeth Fry was the intimate friend of one who represented in her gentle but ardent nature the best traits of both Quakerism and Methodism.

Seth Evans, then a class leader, heard her preach, and wrote: "Simplicity, love and sweetness were blended in her. Her whole heart was in the work." She became his wife—the two preached out of doors in scores of villages. They frequently walked fifteen miles on Sunday to preach in neglected hamlets. "Never," he wrote years after her death, "did I hear my dear wife complain. On the contrary, she always held up my hands, and urged me to take up my cross and not grow weary in well doing." Dinah Evans died of a lingering disease, during which, it is said that sermons were heard from her death-bed more "eloquent than ever fell from her lips on Roylston Green." Shattered by her loss, poor Seth did not preach again, but spent the remaining years of his life in visiting the sick. Wesleyans in England, as a rule, condemn all novels unsweepingly; but Dr. Stevens would evidently make an exception of Adam Bede, inasmuch as he says of Dinah: "The hand of genius has portrayed her almost angelic character truthfully, though in a work of fiction, and has won for her, admiration and tears wherever the English language is used."

## *NOTEWORTHY ENTERPRISE.*

As our true hearted Editress is anxious to call attention to everything accomplished by woman, which displays her nobler qualities, we embrace this opportunity to notice a course of lectures on Physiology which has been partially concluded by a talented medical graduate of this city.

Miss P. A. Brink, (a member of the Union Suffrage Association) has delivered several popular lectures before the Woman's Temperance Union, in Carmel Chapel, Elizabeth Street.

We had the pleasure of hearing Miss Brink's first lecture, and were quite satisfied that she was fully equal to the work she had undertaken.

Her good sense and cultivation were apparent in the manner, style and matter of her effort, and in the unflagging interest of her hearers. That Miss Brink gives these lectures gratis, is only another proof of her true womanly nature, which is so well understood by those privileged to know her.

SUE L. F. SMITH.

THE female compositors employed by the American Tract Society, of New York, have petitioned for the same rate of pay as the men receive.

THE Montgomery (Alabama) *Mail* has a lady for its chief local reporter.

### *NOTED WOMEN AND THEIR THEMES.*

The number of women lecturers is increasing. It is interesting to note their topics, We make a few items from *The Lyceum.* the organ of the Boston Lyceum Bureau, on this subject:

Susan B. Anthony will lecture on "The Woman Question."

Anna E. Dickinson will have four lectures. "Down Brakes," re-written, appears as "To the Rescue!" "Joan of Arc" is a new lecture; and she has a Sunday night lay sermon, a plea for the outcasts, entitled "Out of the Depths.' She will have still another, on Women's Rights, later in the season.

Mrs. Alice E. Dutton is a new candidate from Western Massachusetts, strongly indorsed by the *Springfield Republican.* She talks on "Odds and Ends."

Miss Fanny R. Edmunds is a new reader and lecturer who comes with the patronage of Wendell Phillips, Anna Dickinson, Robert Colyer and Nasby. She talks on "Dickens" with illustrative readings and on "Some Humor and a Little Heroism."

Grace Greenwood has lectures on "The Heroic in Common Life," "Jeanne d'Arc," "Indoors," "Life in Washington," and "Yankee Life and Character."

Mrs. Livermore will explain "The Reason Why" women should have the ballot; tell what was done by "Women in the War," and lecture on "Queen Elizabeth."

Olive Logan will describe "Paris, City of Luxury," talk on "Girls," picture "The Passions," and sketch "The Sunnyside."

Ella D. Rockwood will talk on "Black Kettle, or Sir Philip Sidney in a Red Skin," and show the road "To Ruin through a Wine Glass."

Mrs. Maria A. Stetson speaks on "The Practical Man," and "The Man of Force," on "Orators and Poets," and on the "Soul and Biography of Robert Burns."

Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan, (better known as Cora Hatch,) has a plea for the Indian, entitled "Moketavata, or the Nation and its Wards," and a protest against the land-rings of Washington, entitled "Our Landed Aristocracy."

Mrs. George Vandenhoff, wife of the celebrated reader, has a lecture on the "Rights and Wrongs of Children."

Mrs. Lander will make her *debut* as a Reader next season, in the course of the "Boston Lyceum."

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Sophia Smith, an unmarried lady of 74, of Hatfield, has deceased, leaving to sundry cousins some $400,000. Miss Sophia was the sister of Oliver S., who founded several charities. She was herself somewhat eminent as a charitist, having some years ago given $30,000 to the Andover Theological Seminary. She was a lady of fine intellect and great conversational power, but couldn't enjoy much the talk of others on account of deafness. But she had a pretty good time in her fine old mansion, with her one fine old servant, and that is about all any of us can take on the run through life.

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Miss Edith Abell, who was formerly with the Richings Opera troupe, is in Milan, singing in opera as a pupil of Sanziovanna, "one of the first masters in Italy, who is full of faith as to her future."

## Foreign Correspondence.

### *LETTER FROM IRELAND.*

WORKERS FOR WOMAN'S CAUSE IN IRELAND IN 1870.

Dublin, June, 1870.

In January of this year a provisional committee was formed in Dublin, in order to further the various questions which affect the legal status and social position of women, or as the circular stating its objects expresses "To Reform the Laws respecting Women, and to promote and advance those social questions already enacted in Parliament, to be introduced during this session." The Provisional Committee which met, consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Eason; Mr. and Mrs. Haslam; R. D. Webb, Esq.; Miss Robertson; Miss W. Webb; Miss W. F. Gough; Miss Corlett; Mrs. J. Gough. As immediate action was called for in support of measures then before Parliament, Mrs. A. M. Haslam undertook the office of Honorary Secretary, *pro. tem.*, until the Society should be fully organized. She set to work immediately, and has taken a very active and efficient part in awakening public attention and diffusing information on the Woman question. She corresponded with and seconded the efforts of the English Societies for Woman's Suffrage and in favor of the Married Women's Property Bill. She inaugurated in Dublin and the neighboring towns a vigorous agitation against the Contagious Diseases Acts which are so unjust and oppressive to women. With the aid of the members of the provisional committee and that of James Houghton, Esq., and Richard Allen, Esq. formerly members of Hibernian Anti-Slavery Society, a fund was raised to work the objects in view. Mrs. Haslam forwarded petitions to Parliament in favor of Women's Suffrage and in support of the Married Women's Property Bill, from the City of Dublin and from Kingstown, Rathmines, Ferns, Carnew and Liskinfrere.

Petitions in favor of opening the Medical profession to women, and for the repeal of the C. D. Acts were also forwarded by Mrs. Haslam from most of the towns above mentioned.

Miss A. J. Robertson of Kingstown sent thirteen petitions in favor of Women's Suffrage from Dublin and the surrounding towns and twenty in support of the Married Women's Property Bill. Some of these petitions were among the very first presented to the House of Commons this session.

"At the general election there was a greater proportion of avowed adherents of Women's Suffrage returned among the Irish members than in any other of the three kingdoms."

By Mrs. M. Haslam's influence petitions were got up by her friends in Limerick, Cloumel and Youghall against the C. D. Acts.

In Cork, Mrs. Geo. Addey and Miss W. Taylor prepared and forwarded petitions upon all the foregoing questions. Cork being one of the "garrison towns" to which the C. D. Acts are applied, intense interest in them was excited there, and successive petitions having many thousands of signatures were forwarded by Mrs. Addey, who promoted the cause not less powerfully with her eloquent pen.

Mrs. M. W. Palmer and Mrs. G. Walpole sent similar petitions from Waterford. Miss J. Tod who has been the soul of the movement for College education for girls in Belfast, sent petitions on most of the foregoing subjects from that city.

Petitions for the repeal of the C. D. Acts were also sent from Armagh, Coatekill, Ballymena and many other towns in Ulster, where much interest on the subject was aroused.

EDUCATION OF WOMEN IN IRELAND.

The first Examination for Women under the auspices of the University of Dublin, took place in the opening of this year and were very successful. The examination for junior candidates is open to girls under eighteen years of age. That for seniors to all above that age. I send you the programme of Regulations and Courses of Subjects required for the year 1871, by which you will see that the standard is a high one. The Queen's University of Ireland, which her colleges at Belfast, Galway and Cork, issued Examinations for Women for the first time also this year. These examinations have just been held simultaneously in Galway and Belfast, and have proved highly satisfactory. In Belfast where the arrangements were under the charge of the Ladies Institute, twenty-seven ladies entered. The presiding examiner was much gratified with the successful manner in which the examinations were carried out.

I have visited, since my arrival the Alexander College which was founded in the year 1866, and is now a flourishing Institution. It now numbers two hundred and fifty students, from girls of fourteen to women in mature life. The College is self-supporting and Mrs. Jellicoe the lady superintendent speaks in the most hopeful terms of it. I send you the synopsis of the courses in the classes. A number of young ladies from the provinces board at Mrs. Jellicoe's residence which adjoins the college buildings. The pursuits of intellect and art are happily combined within these college halls. Mrs. Jellicoe's own abode evinces the same refining influences united with the materials for solid work for the mind. Her drawing room is a perfect paradise of flowers, daily offerings of her young friends in graceful acknowledgment, as it were, of the flowers of thought and friendship, which they gather under her auspices in the class-room, and in their happy home-life with her Professors from the University of Dublin lecture to many of the classes, and as the Examinations for Women issued by Trinity College, are now adopted in Alexandra College it may be said to be affiliated to the University. Some of the students from Alexandra College took the highest places in the Examinations for Women this year.

PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS FOR WOMEN IN DUBLIN.

A few weeks since I gave you an account of the annual public meeting of the Queen's Institute for these Schools. I now send you the Report presented on that occasion with the particulars of these valuable schools. I visited the Institute yesterday and saw several of the students at work in the class-rooms. The porcelain painting studio interested me very much. Exquisite medallions and designs, and copies of photographic portraits were being painted on delicate white china with all the perfection of miniature painting on ivory. There are a great many students in this work which is quite a new branch of

industry for women in Ireland. Eight ladies are pursuing it as an employment in the schools. The Institute is now the recognized Postoffice School for teaching Female Clerks in Ireland. During the winter, thirty different classes were at work in the schools.

IRISH NATIONALITY.

This vexed question has just assumed a new and hopeful aspect by a union of sympathies, and interests, and parties, almost unprecedented in Irish history. This union has been brought about by the recent legislation for Ireland with regard to the Church on the one hand, and on the other by the tendency to centralization of the imperial government in the vain attempt to de-nationalize a people, proud and sensitive to a degree, and quite competent for their own affairs. An association is in course of formation in Dublin consisting of politicians of every hue from the most fierce and flaming orange to the most emerald and earnest of green. These contrasting colors have for the first time proved complimentary to one another and by the harmonious effect of a noble idea have produced the white light of patriotism.

A committee of influential citizens and others from the educated ranks of the community, was formed a few weeks since in Dublin, and meets weekly. The objects contemplated are best expressed in its resolutions:

"To obtain for our country the privilege of managing our own affairs by a Parliament composed of her Majesty, the Sovereign, the Lords and Commons of Ireland.

To secure for that Parliament under a federal arrangement, the right of legislating for and regulating all matters relating to the internal affairs of Ireland, and control over Irish resources and revenues, subject to the obligation of contributing our just proportion of the Imperial expenditure.

To leave to an Imperial Parliament affairs of the crown and government legislature for the colonies and foreign affairs generally.

We seek for Ireland a federal arrangement based upon the general principles, and invite the co-operation of all Irishmen."

You will perceive by these resolutions which were passed unanimously, that the only solution possible for the Irish difficulty is thus authoritatively stated to be "a measure which would give to an Irish Parliament the management of Irish affairs," and that this can be accomplished without any interference with the integrity or unity of the Empire by adopting a Federal arrangement under which the management of all purely Irish affairs should be conducted by an Irish Parliament, leaving it to the Imperial Parliament to control and protect those Imperial interests in which the three parts of the United Kingdom are equally concerned.

You will see that a precedent for this proposal—at once so reasonable and so just—has been found in the United States federal system, and in the still more direct parallel of the Dominion of British Provinces in North America, consolidated in 1867.

FUNERAL OF THE MOTHER OF A PATRIOT.

Last week's *Athenaeum* announced the death of Dr. Luby, a senior fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and the author of several mathematical treatises, aged 72. The morning after my arrival in Dublin, I attended the public funeral of Mrs. Catharine Luby, aged 74 years, sister-in-law of Dr. Luby and mother of Thomas Clarke Luby, one of the political prisoners now in an English jail, condemned to twenty years penal servitude for his disinterested, though mistaken efforts in behalf of his country. The funeral procession which was at once a tribute to mother and son, consisted of many thousands of orderly and well-dressed people, filling the length and breadth of Sacherille street many times over. The mourners wore crape and green, and orange, and green intermingled with "National emblems" were borne by almost every one in the vast multitude, sometimes in the simple form of a fern fraud, or a sprig of laurel.

In the beautiful cemetery of Glasmerinrichie Monumental Sculpture dedicated to the Political Martyrology of Ireland, after the "*De profundus*" had been recited, the bands played the "*Adeste Fidelis*" and "God save Ireland," and with kindling glances and sympathizing hearts the people wandered among these shrines of their country.

WOMEN OF SCIENCE.

Madame Anna Wolknow has just successfully completed and augmented, by a series of interesting discoveries, the researches of Drs. Englehardt and Latschinow, on Tolnol-sulpho acids. Mme. Wolknow is a member of the Imperial Russian Chemical Society.

Miss Garret has received the M. D. degree of the Paris University. She had the degree conferred in a cap and a little red mantle (scarlet being the Academic color for M. D.'s), amid the applause of a large assembly. This is the first occasion in Paris on which the degree has been conferred on a woman. Mrs. Leggett is pursuing her medical studies successfully at Dr. Stevens' Hospital, Dublin. By the kindness of Dr. Rohl, McDonnell, she has been received into all the classes and into the dissecting room, and is treated with courtesy and respect by her gentlemen fellow-students.

Miss Matilda Coneys is still a student of the Royal College of Science for Ireland. She obtained the first prizes in Mathematics in 1868.

I remain, yours truly,

R. M.

## *EMANCIPATION AND WORK OF WOMEN.*

LETTER FROM MISS FANNIE LEWALD TO THE WOMEN OF GERMANY.

*Translated for the Revolution by Miss A. M. Eisenmayer.*

A few days ago I came back to my home, after an absence of nearly five months, and at the first glance at my worktable, I noticed the unusual number of letters awaiting me. I found that by far the largest number of these letters pertained, detailed, to statements which I had published in the Koelnish paper, and in *Westerman's Monthly Magazine*, about the Emancipation and Work of Women. All these letters, with the exception of a few, agreed with me as to that which of necessity is unconsciously injurious to the social circumstances of women.

Amongst these writers were men whose judgment as fathers of families, as teachers, as directors of gymnasiums, and of other establishments of education, must be of decided consequence. Others wrote to me, and among them the Director of the Royal Provincial Industrial School in Brieg (Schlesien), Mr. Noeggerath, with whom I am not personally acquainted. He wrote to inform me that he had opened, on the 7th of April of this year, unconnected with the Industrial School for men, an Industrial School for women, with twenty girls, which "was making the best progress;" and he further adds: "That the instruction in Technology which I myself have undertaken furnishes evidence to a high degree that young girls of active minds possess the power to master the driest departments of human knowledge with the greatest success, and make them useful."

As I have asked him for permission to publish this statement, I also, at the same time as he is witness, agree with him that those that are inclined toward the Emancipation of Women can desire nothing more favorable.

This expression is at the same time an answer and encouragement for all those girls whose letters now lie before me on the writing-table, and each and every one of them in the statement about her circumstances of life, has come to me with the question, what she shall do, and with a request that I might help her to find an occupation and a lifepath.

Were it possible to publish those forty-six letters with the forty-six biographies, it would present a doleful picture of the condition in which a great number of women are found in our present society; they would give a powerful impulse to make the necessities of the life proportion of the female sex different and better than heretofore.

All these letterwriters, and every one, without exception, own that although they have learned many different things, they have yet learned nothing methodically; that they know and understand nothing whereupon the possibilities of a permanent business could be built. As companions, as governesses, even as nurses in an insane asylum, they have been tried, and only by sacrificing themselves were in that way efficient.

In all ordinary cases the time of women has never been regarded as useful a capital as the time of men. So also with the work and time of women, which has always been less rewarded than that of men. Even these girls who in the moment of activity are saved from scarcity, complain that they cannot have, with the greatest sacrifice of vitality, the least assurance of the future.

Among these letters from solitary and orphaned girls who have tried themselves in the foregoing evils of womanly activity, are also found just as large a number of letters from gentlewomen who are still living with their parents, and perhaps from advice from them, or partly of their own free will, they have turned toward me, and without the knowledge of others. These are daughters of clergymen from the most distant provinces, and not of the heart of Germany, daughters of small merchants from solitary villages in the interior who have perchance already worked in their fathers' shops. Most of these have brothers upon whom the family bestows all the intellectual cultivation.

It sounds touching and pitiful, when it is almost literally repeated in every letter, 'I am not unskilled in the common female occupations, I make myself useful in the house, and am provided for as long as my father lives. I might appear successful in my own domestic state, but how long before marrying, and how long the parents may be spared, lies in the

hands of God. Your letters have brought consciousness to parents and to me, that which has already cost us some uneasiness, and then it is: "Help me! Advise me!" Yes, if I could do that.

If an indemnifier of an age of a thousand years would come into the midst of our social circumstances, with the sagacity and good will to help it down, and immediate healing would ensue, and corruptions immediately would be changed into blessings, how happy we should be. It is easily said, *sprich! schlag! stelle her!* speak! strike! redress! But you all, my good friends, that have written to me, frequently live under the impression that your case is a peculiar one, and that with a good will, the one peculiar case can be helped down.

How would it be possible for me to answer and provide for merely the forty-six applications coming direct from forty-six more or less young gentlewomen, who all possess no complete distinct facility; all of whom have learned nothing which is convertible into money, and when all (which is not a pretty prospect for the German women, judging from their letters), have not the least cultivation of the mind and heart to lay before the world.

Naturally the prospect of helplessness lies heavier upon you.

Facing one and another, what else can I do but advise each and every one "To seek to learn something according to your capacities and inclinations which promises pay;" and always impress this upon the community, "Take care of the daughters of your country."

A complete inundation of quietly endured sorrows from silent grief, has also come upon me with these letters, and how they all have roused me, and justly, to interpose an appeal to the experience of my own life, and the old painful recollections.

What I at this moment see before me, and where many of these various writers have perhaps applied themselves, are the Schools of Industry and of Education for artisans, which have been erected at many different places. In the Schools of Industry in Brieg (Schlesien), which are under the auspices of honorable ladies, the tuition amounts yearly to only twenty dollars, and Director Noeggerath intends to undertake that a fixed pension shall be given to the foreign scholars.

Also the Hamburg School for promotion of female industry, and the Association in Darmstadt for the promotion of female industry, whose pedagogy seems certainly to be far more restrictive and less scientific than in the school at Brieg, are progressing, and in the course of a few days the male and female superintendents of the different German Schools of Industry for women will unite in council here, in Berlin.

Keep this one thought in mind. If the Schools of Education for artisans can so far command the possibilities of teaching themselves, and if we see the most profitable realization, both by Government and the majority, of the Schools of Science and Gymnasiums opened unto women, from which we are as yet far removed, then will every single one come to the conclusion to help himself.

Not I, although if I had tenfold power, and if the time needed was not pressing for accomplishment in my household duties and for my own work, which is also a necessary acquirement, and no other would help you to the attainment of an assured life position.

The women who desire to escape from the deplorable condition of a lifelong helplessness must at once begin to learn to help themselves. They can apply to the directors of a school of education for artisans, to the directors of an association for family and national education, who educate *Kinder gaertnerinenen* and train nurses. There is here in Berlin such a one, which is very successful, and whose preceptress, Mrs. Bertha Meyer, has just published an account thereof in a small pamphlet, "Concerning Early Education." "Learn something methodically, no matter what, and even if it is the manufacture of toothpicks, then put yourself, as we poets and authors are obliged to do, on the labor market of life, and say, "That I can accomplish. Who can make use of my work?" It is no disgrace to sign your name to honest and good work, and it may hereafter come to pass, if the sympathy of the country proves continually to incline towards the helplessness of the women, that to the conquest of prejudice in the leading papers, the offer for female labor will be assigned to a quite different place, until it is learned to take into consideration the performance in themselves, and not the public opinion of the workers.

In Germany we are just beginning to proceed in the right road to the enfranchisement of women from destitution and needless decrease. I feel myself greatly honored with the consciousness that I have directed and even helped them in this direction as much as has been in my power for years and years. Every *one* must help herself.

Strengthen yourself by the thought that every one of you gains for the community what you have obtained for yourself, and I am certain that none of your good and womanly capacities will have to suffer therefrom, when you can eat your self-earned bread with contented glance into the future.

My best wishes for you. This it was that I had to say to all those whose letters I found here before me, and to have answered them separately would have been an impossibility for me. Hoping that you will grant this letter a place in the columns of your paper, in which the discussion was begun, and may it also be consoling to all those of whom I thought while writing the same.

Mascoutah, St. Clair Co., Ill.

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ATTORNEY GENERAL HENRY O'CONNOR, of Iowa, Miss SUSAN B. ANTHONY, Mrs. HAZLETT, of Iowa, and others, will attend the Union Suffrage Convention at Niagara Falls next Tuesday and Wednesday.

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SUSAN B. ANTHONY will attend the State Suffrage Convention at Saratoga on Thursday and Friday of this week.

Mrs. Olympia Brown, of Connecticut, Mrs. M. Adelle Hazlett, of Michigan, Hon. Judge Culon, Mrs. M. E. J. Gage, and others, will address the Convention.

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MISS ALIDA C. AVERY, M. D., is the resident physcian at Vassar College. Her business is the prevention as well as the cure of disease. Her duties include vigilant watch over the pupils. If she sees signs of overwork, she orders that one study, or two perhaps, shall be dropped off. She daily inspects the table, orders this dish off and that one on one to be served daily and another not at all, and conforms the diet to some standard of health.

## Gossip.

Bayard Taylor's *Faust* will be out in the fall.

Woman is the only female in creation who sings.

Gail Hamilton now writes altogether for the Harpers.

Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford no longer writes for Frank Leslie.

The young ladies of the Georgia Wesleyan Female College are to present Jeff. Davis with a gold badge.

Mrs. Judge Esther Morris, of Wyoming, is overrun with business. Among her other legal duties she has recently married several couples.

Miss Greeley, daughter of the veteran and distinguished editor of the *Tribune*, is coming out in a book to be called "Tropical Sketches."

Miss Chase, daughter of the C. J. of the U. S. S. Court, is writing and illustrating a work for juveniles. She has marked talent for sketching.

An irreverent writer says the Boston girl is a cross between the blue stocking and the dowdy. Let him beware of the wrath of Bunker Hill Monument.

The Directors of the Black Sea Navigation Company employ women as book-keepers, telegraph clerks, and accountants.

The *Independent* says Miss Julia Duval, a graduate of the Episcopal Female Seminary, of Topeka, has accepted an offer as teacher in a female Seminary at Baltimore, Maryland.

The University of Vienna has decided to admit women to all the advantages of its medical school, and two female students have already availed themselves of the privilege.

In Audubon county, Iowa, the Superintendent of Common Schools is anxious to resign in favor of a lady, Miss Jennie McCown. Ladies make such good school teachers, that they ought to make good school superintendents.

Two young Turks have begun the publication of a paper called *The Revolution*, in which they insist that a Turkish Republic shall be established. As the Sultan entertains republican ideas, the editors and publishers have not yet been bastinadoed.

George Alfred Townsend writes: "There is no friend to a journalist like an enemy. The meaner the attack, the more inscrutably it comes to benefit." William Cobbett once said: "Every mean enemy brings me a new thought, two new friends, and five new subscribers."

A Richmond (Virginia) paper says: "Mrs. Lille Devereux Blake, formerly of North Carolina (of which she is a native,) and a niece of General (Bishop) Polk, is said to be one of the finest speakers the women's suffrage movement has produced. She is described as a handsome woman, a beautiful orator, and her addresses are said to overflow with eloquent appeals and humorous illustrations."

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IT seems proper to reproduce in this country the fact that her Majesty of Great Britain, desirous of encouraging art among her female subjects, as well as those of other nationalities, has offered a prize of $200 for the finest, most artistic fan, carved and painted by a woman. The competitors must not be over twenty-five years of age. Here is a tempting field for the display of talent and handiwork of the youthful damsel of the United States.

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MISS HOSMER has appeared in Rome in a new *role*. A steeple chase came off on the Campagna near the tomb of Cecelia Metella, for which six horses were entered, several belonging to Italians, one to an Englishman, and one—Blazon—to Miss Hosmer. Blazon won, and was loudly cheered by the Americans present.

# The Revolution.

LAURA CURTIS BULLARD, Editor.
EDWIN A. STUDWELL Publisher.

NEW YORK, JULY 28, 1870.


## *SHALL MEN MAKE WAR WITHOUT WOMEN'S CONSENT?*

Europe is again the theatre of war. Two of her foremost nations have entered the arena and are pitted against each other, each bringing to the fray a vast army of well-trained and well-equipped men.

When two countries like France and Prussia, well-matched, powerful, enthusiastic and determined, meet on the field of battle, the shock of arms must be terrific. Whether of longer or shorter duration, the conflict between them must be a fierce and bloody one, and that they may not involve all Europe in their quarrel is something which neither the wisest nor most far-seeing of statesmen can venture to predict.

And what is this quarrel which threatens the peace of a whole continent?—for the settlement of which, countless treasures and rivers of blood must be the price?—for the sake of which the industries of two nations at least must be paralyzed, myriads of happy homes be destroyed, thousands of widows and orphans be left helpless and destitute, and multitudes of men who escape death, left crippled and ruined in body and soul?

It is merely a question of territorial aggrandizement for which all this misery and wretchedness is incurred; merely to gratify the ambition of the monarchs of these two countries and the national pride (miscalled patriotism) of their people, that France and Prussia have made war upon each other. And the immediate cause of the outbreak of hostilities is a reported breach of etiquette on the part of the French Ambassador to the Prussian Monarch!

Is it possible that two of the most highly civilized nations of the old world can involve themselves, and possibly all Europe, in the horrors of civil war for no better reasons than these? Can the 19th century, with all its boasted progress, offer nothing better for the settlement of a national dispute than the old appeal to brute force, which was the mode of deciding upon vexed questions among the barbarous tribes of the earliest periods of the world's history?

Have 1800 years of the teachings of the Christian religion failed to produce on the minds of men any better result than the ancient heathen superstitions which preceded it? Have the avowed followers of the Prince of Peace reached no higher conception of virtue than the ignorant savage who regards the slaughter of his enemies as one of the most meritorious acts of religion, and bravery in battle as the surest passport to Paradise?

Have Catholic France and Protestant Prussia reached no higher ideal than this?

In fact it would seem that they are behind ancient nations in a conception of real heroism. Who would expect a Prussian Goliath and a French David to enter the lists as champions of their various armies, or a modern band of Horatii and Curatii to offer themselves to decide the fate of the opposing forces and to prevent bloodshed by their individual bravery and self-sacrifice? The world has outgrown such ideal patriotism.

It would appear also that it has outgrown another theory, that war, although undoubtedly an evil, is justified when waged in defence or for the sake of a great principle.

Even the old Romans waged war ostensibly for the sake of carrying their higher civilization among tribes of barbarians, and when in turn the barbarous northern hordes over-ran Italy, they prided themselves on the good work which their arms did for the conquered, in replacing their effete systems by the nobler and manlier virtues of their own forms of government.

Almost all nations from that early time down to the present have felt it incumbent upon them to try to convince themselves and others that the wars which they have waged had at least some just cause.

The English and French revolutions justified themselves because their object was the overthrow of tyranny and the uplifting into political power of the down-trodden. Italy's last war was to save her national existence, and our own great struggle was for the nation's life, no less than for the emancipation of an enslaved race.

But France and Prussia are indifferent to the world's opinion; or has the moral sense of our generation sunk so low that war no longer needs a justification for itself;

Certainly no principle is at stake between these two contending nations. Probably ninety-nine Frenchmen, or ninety-nine Prussians out of a hundred, stopped at random in the streets and enquired of with regard to the causes of the war, would be unable to tell even what territorial differences were to be settled by the bloodshed of their countrymen.

How are we to account for the fact that, in an age like this, at a period far superior to any other in the world's history so far as the general intelligence of all people is concerned, causeless and bloody wars are not only tolerated but hailed on both sides with enthusiasm.

Can science, education and religion do no more for man than this, or does their failure result from the fact that their influences have been limited to but one-half the race of mankind?

The world's civilization is but a one-sided thing after all. The masculine element in society has been developed, the feminine almost ignored—with the most unhappy results to both men and women.

Woman's influence in the politics of the world is almost entirely unfelt. What European woman, even though she be the wearer of a crown, has the slightest power to check the progress of the approaching hostilities? Victoria though doubly allied to the rulers of the German States, though her own daughter is the Crown Princess of Prussia, can do nothing to keep the peace. Should the interests of the countries demand it, the mother and daughter would find themselves ranged on opposite sides in the conflict, helpless to prevent a condition of things which each would deplore.

Mr. Ruskin recently declared that women were alone to blame for the existence of war. "It is your fault," said he, "wholly yours." "The real final reason for all the poverty, misery and rage of battle throughout Europe is, that you women, however good and religious, however self-sacrificing for those whom you love, are too selfish and too thoughtless to take pains for any creature out of your immediate circles."

But is this not most unjust? Women are educated and trained to selfish and narrow views of life and its duties, and then blamed for the incapacity which is the natural result of their education. As well might a Chinaman complain that the women whose feet he had crippled in infancy could not walk without tottering.

Selfishness is the lesson which our customs, our schools, our religious teachers, in fact every influence in society inculcate upon our women.

On the higher classes the selfishness of luxury does its work. The women upon whom fortune smiles are taught that their highest duty is to make home pleasant and society attractive, cultured and refined. Any interest in the great enterprises in life, any attempt to share in the duties and occupations which absorb the gentlemen with whom they are associated is frowned upon and denounced as unwomanly. What more natural than that these women, shut in their narrow limits, become dwarfed in heart, intellect and soul, and that their degradation reacts on their husbands and their children.

The other class of women are enchained in the selfishness of want. Absorbed in the petty and harassing cares which the needs of daily life impose upon them, they have neither time nor inclination for anything but their personal concerns. Thus extremes meet. The rich and the poor woman alike are held in the bonds of self-interest. What wonder that the world halts in its progress; that men chained to these crippled women make but slow advance in the toilsome struggle up the heights of moral reform.

The time has come when it is beginning to be seen that men and women must rise or fall together. Let us hope that with the recognition of this fact a new era is dawning not only for women, but for the world, and that in those halcyon days to come "the cadence of the hammer strokes that shall beat swords into ploughshares" will be the only reminder that such a horror as war ever existed on the earth.

## *WOMAN PUTTING IN HER OAR.*

The fact that there was a public boat-race between two young women, instead of two young men, at Pittsburgh, last week; that five thousand spectators witnessed it; that universal good order prevailed throughout the exciting occasion, and that the affair filled the whole city with a day's animated talk, prompts us to make a few comments on the case.

We believe in the physical development of woman. She has need of sound bones and tough muscles. Good health is as much a necessity for woman as for her stalwart brother. Out-door exercise is a blessing to her. The sun should be allowed to shine on her, and lend its light to her eyes; the wind should be suffered to blow upon her, and give its freshness to her cheeks. The pale, chalk-faced cadaverous woman, who was once regarded as the type of fashionable beauty, is losing her honors, and disappearing from men's admiration. She cannot again assume the scepter of her sovereignty. She abdicates in favor of buxom bloom and ruddy health. The woman

of the period must have a sound mind in a sound body.

The average American woman's bodily vigor is proverbially less than that of her English sister. In England it is no uncommon thing to see ladies taking daily a walk of ten or a dozen miles—just for the sake of the walk itself. As a consequence, Englishwomen might contend for the prize of being the healthiest of their sex. In America, of late years, there has been a wholesome revival of out-door recreations for women, and the result is already witnessed in the gradually improving health of our countrywomen. When Mrs. Stanton was young she was one of the best of horseback riders—able to go galloping over all manner of roads, and compelling her steed to jump all manner of fences. Her almost perfect health to-day is the best testimony to the value of her youthful physical exercises. All young women should devote themselves, in some faithful way, to that necessary part of true religion which is called muscular christianity. Any American traveler who makes a trip from Maine to Kanzas in the winter season will see, in almost every town or village through which he passes, a skating-rink, and he will generally see, also, that the larger proportion of skaters are of the gentler sex. In the summer time croquet takes the place of skates. But everywhere, whether skating or croqueting, women are now seen generally devoting themselves to physical amusements with a view to physical health.

This practice is becoming so popular that it no longer needs to be urged; but perhaps, on the other hand, needs to be criticised. Many women skate too much. We have no doubt of this fact. Multitudes of instances have come to our personal knowledge of the damaging effect of the over-straining of woman's energies at the skating-rink.

The same is true of the corresponding summer pastime of rowing. It is one of the noblest of exercises, but, carried too far, one of the most deleterious. Overwork at rowing induces heart-disease. We do not say this to chide the fair champions who so gracefully pulled their shell-boats at Pittsburgh the other day. Only we feel that a word of caution ought to be spoken to all young women who, in these sun-dazzled days of summer recreation, are predisposed to do themselves harm on the supposition that they are doing themselves good. Too much bodily exertion, particularly for women, is worse than too little. The golden mean between too little and too much is what women should learn and practice.

We recommend, therefore, that all young women, who, in pursuing their education, seek to develop their bodies as well as minds, should learn how to drive horses, how to skate, how to swim, how to take long walks, and how to row boats; and in learning all these exhilarating and fascinating exercises, to practice them, not with a too headlong precipitancy of enjoyment, but with that moderation which alone consists with "the modesty of nature."

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Madame Demorest and a lady whose name does not appear have formed a co-partnership in the tea busines. The Madame will be the receiver at New York, and her partner will reside in Canton and scatter agents throughout the Celestial Empire in quest of the herb. The firm starts with a capital of $500,000, and energy enough to make the thing a success.

# Letters from Friends.

## *LISTENING TO REASON.*

CINCINNATTI, July 18, 1870.

*To Editor Revolution:*

I was so shocked at the picture Mr. F. drew of the period when women would vote, that I never examined into the matter; never thought of all the good to be accomplished, until your prospectus came, which opened my eyes to much I had never thought of before. I *do* hope much good will be accomplished, and be assured I am an earnest advocate of "Woman's Rights."

L. R. FORREST.

## *THE WIFE'S PROPERTY.*

WYANDOTTE, KANSAS, July 10, 1870.

*Dear Revolution:*

Having received no copy of the REVOLUTION since its transfer to the new management, it was only yesterday that in a friend's copy, of June 16th, I saw my article on "The Laws of New York," with editorial comments.

In your comments you say that, my "communication takes what we conceive to be rather *extreme ground in regard to the control, by the wife, of property acquired by husband and wife during coverture.*" If you will re-read my article, you will see that I withhold all expression of opinion as to what should or should not be the wife's rights in the premises; and limited my article to the statement of a few facts, and the asking of six questions, to which simple answers of "yes" or "no," would complete a definite statement of the property and personal rights of the wife, and show whatever of inequality exists between husband and wife, under your laws. I hoped by my article to elicit a statement strictly in accordance with the fact and practice, for general information. For I am aware that even gentlemen of the legal profession, of high standing as judges of law, have given so little thought to the matter, that when pinned to the counter they are compelled to admit that this, that, and the other phase of the case, had "escaped their attention." Numbers of such have said to me, in conversing upon the subject, "married women are fully protected in their property and personal rights," and upon a further canvassing of the laws in detail, frankly receded from the position and admitted the inequality, and the injustice, perhaps excusing it, on the ground that justice is impracticable. Now I believe with my whole soul, that whatever is just is practicable; and, that, if half the thought was expended in the effort to be just, that is wasted in dovetailing together human inventions of expediency, in behalf of ambition, of pelf, and power, a code of laws, simple and satisfactory to men and women in the mass, would be the result.

I hold with our Revolutionary fathers, that an unrepresented class is a misrepresented class; and, I deem it important in demanding the franchise, to show from the statutes of these Republican States, that unrepresented woman is every where misrepresented. That so long as she is not politically endowed to guard her own interests, every right won through male legislation is liable to repeal, and productive of no material good. Since we must be constantly appealing and protesting, even to keep what of justice we may, by persistent effort and indirect methods, win.

To illustrate—in 1860 '61, or '62, New York passed laws giving mothers an equal right with fathers to their children; also, made widows and widowers equals in certain property rights. *A subsequent legislature repealed these Acts*, so that as before, only mothers of *illegitimate* children have any right to the children during the father's life, and widows are remanded to the pitiful dower on which, in a majority of cases, the widower would look with dismay and scorn. Indeed, their haste in getting rid of equal rights with widows, is evidence, that for them the use of a third, or possession of half the common estate, is not enough. Little by little the Legislature of Kansas are chipping away the rights secured to women by our first Legislature. And such will be the result of the immigration of voters from States where women are less considered, until the women are voters. And we are by no means sure that such immigration will not amend our rights out of the Constitution. Eternal vigilance is the price women as well as men, must pay for liberty. We are learning by such lessons as Vermont has taught, that "who would be free herself must strike the blow." The thousands who desire suffrage "*sub rosa*," will learn that neither men, nor their strong-minded sisters, can win the boon without their outspoken favor. "When women ask it," from men, must be answered by grand affirmation from women. I have not time now to consider the several points of your comments on my supposed opinions, but will send another article ere long.

Truly Yours,

C. I. H. NICHOLS.

In reply to our correspondent we would say, that the first letter, containing her queries with regard to the rights of women to property, we gave to a lawyer, with the request that he would answer them, as we were not versed enough in legal lore to reply to the questions intelligently. Our legal friend is, therefore, responsible and not we, for the vagaries of the answers given.

ED. REVOLUTION.

## *WOMAN AS A COLLEGE ORATOR.*

DUBUQUE, IOWA, July, 1870.

*Ed. Revolution:*

I have been requested to call your attention to the fact that it was in the West that women were first invited to deliver literary addresses at College commencements.

Three years ago my husband, Austin Adams, Esq., was to deliver a literary address before the Y. M. L. Society. The Young Ladies of the Leticalium Society invited Mrs. M. Livermore, of Chicago, to deliver an address before their Society. I was there and heard it. It was very excellent. It was a strong logical argument urging women to become developed, educated, cultivated women, but not imitators of men.

This noble address converted several to the belief that at a College commencement, before a literary society, was a most appropriate place for an educated woman to use her talent and education for the benefit of youth. To Mrs. Livermore belongs the honor of inaugurating it, or rather, to the young ladies of *Lombard University*, Galesburg, Ill. Two years ago Rev. Augusta Chapin addressed them very accepta-

bly. This year Mrs. Mary Newbury Adams, wife of Austin Adams, of Dubuque, received that honor.

"Mrs. Adams is a lady of culture and liberal thought. Her style was terse, logical, polished. There was no effort at rhetoric; no attempt to put well sounding phrases in place of ideas; but a precision in her statement and a weight in her arguments, which not only proved woman's ability to master the topics of the day, but gave the public a foretaste of the good time coming, when cultivated woman shall have her recognized place in the world, and the world's work. The subject was "*Education, A Life Work.*" It was a very able and valuable address."—*Chicago Journal.*

They are proving that woman can work for the best and the highest motives. Men are learning that women don't wish to stop to call harsh names to those who will not aid her, but will rather better employ her time to help herself.

Respectfully,

M. N. Adams.

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Mr. E. M. Haywood, of Princeton, Mass., who has now in press a pamplet on Woman Suffrage, writes us that the Labor Reform League has been the advocate of Woman suffrage since its formation; and that at a late meeting held in Framingham Grove, it adopted the following resolution:

*Resolved*, That since it is both impossible and undesirable for man to be justified in defrauding woman, we renew her demand for equal pay and an equal vote with him, and will wage unceasing hostility to all who oppose or ignore her claim.

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## *MATHILDE.*

BY LAURA CURTIS BULLARD.

New York is a city in a transition state. It has not yet reached maturity, and settled down composedly and respectfully, like some of the ancient cities of the old world, which look as if they had been finished long ago, and had ever since remained untouched save by the hand of time.

New York, on the contrary, is growing, and the old skin, out of which serpent-like it is creeping, yet remains visible. The old mansions of Dutch burghers are continually intruded upon by new and staring buildings, which, mushroom-like, start up on every side, quite putting the ancient dwellings out of countenance with their new bravery, and reminding the former grandees only too forcibly that as these upstart buildings enter the very purlieus once entirely their own, so do their owners step boldly into the sacred circles of the Knickerbocker aristocracy, claiming and taking a place there as of right. But not alone in the case of these insulted dignitaries is there a bitter drop; by the universal law of compensation the parvenus are compelled to swallow a most unpalatable reflection, which every time they glance around is forced upon them—that they are but parvenus after all. The common-place buildings in the vicinity, which they have soared above, only look up pertly, as if to say, "Never mind! it will be our turn next;" as the higher they rise, only the more clearly can be seen this impertinent claiming of ancient brotherhood on the part of those they have left behind.

These profound reflections, which it is to be hoped the reader will appreciate as highly as does their author, were suggested by a certain square in one of the up-town avenues, where, within one short block, may be seen examples of all three of these distinct classes of dwellings, occupied by as many and as distinct classes of individuals.

In the substantial and old-fashioned, low-roofed house, surrounded by what had once been a well arranged garden, dwelt Mr. and Mrs. Van der Zandt and their only son, Hermann. The ancestors of this family had been among the first settlers on the Island of Manhattan, and had been distinguished for their wealth and aristocracy for several generations. In the days of their prosperity this house had been erected; but, alas! their glory had departed. Yet, though their wealth had taken to itself wings, and made use of these appendages to fly away, their pride still remained in an excellent state of preservation.

How they had managed to retain the house at all, amid the wreck of their fortunes, was unknown. It was mortgaged indeed; but the mortgage was in the hands of a friend, who forbore to press his claims.

Hermann, the son, was a handsome young man, elegant in his manners, splendidly educated, and as proud as any of his race. There was a tradition that he had a profession, but it rested on tradition alone. He never gave any proof of such a possession, by making the slightest use of it.

It was whispered that young Hermann's principal business was the acquisition of a rich wife, whose wealth might retrieve his fallen fortunes. Therefore, though a favorite in society, and vastly agreeable to the daughters, fathers and mothers were wont to look askance upon him, since the honor of an alliance with this scion of the Van der Zandts was not appreciated by them at its proper value.

It was evident that this family was slowly sinking in the social scale, and in a few years more would have to take its place among the had-beens. No wonder, then, that it was very galling to these proud and poor gentlefolks to see the gorgeous dwelling of a parvenu rise close to their own—the elegant conservatory leaning almost over their neglected garden. They felt aggrieved, as if the wealth which their neighbors lavished should have belonged of right to them.

But regardless of these feelings, steadily rose the palatial mansion of the former dealer in hides, but now millionaire, Mr. Thomas Chandlewick, or as the family wrote and pronounced it, Candelwick, which is undeniably an improvement on the name as borne by their ancestors. The present is avowedly an age of improvement; but yet these people receive the universal meed of reformers the world over, and in all ages—sneers and ridicule. But sustained by a lofty purpose, they heeded it not.

Mrs. Candlewick and her daughter Maria had other things to think of, and so had Mr. Thomas and his youthful son Harry. The elder of these gentlemen was still engrossed in business, notwithstanding his wealth, and the younger was still devoted to plays of all sorts, as is the custom of boys, whether of rich or poor parentage; while the ladies, after surveying and approving the external and internal arrangements of their new residence, next set about the much less agreeable task of attracting guests who should appreciate and deserve all their splendor.

It was tiresome and discouraging work; but what cannot a woman do when she has resolved upon it? And in this case there were two women equally determined; and with the aid of the elder lady's tact, and the younger's beauty, to say nothing of the wealth of the lord and master of the household, it came to pass that the Candelwicks were admitted into the "best society," and Miss Maria actually married Hermann Van der Zandt, that haughty scion of that haughtiest race among the Knickerbocker aristocrats.

It was a bitter thing to their pride—the first *mesalliance* in their family for many generations—and it required all their reflections on the absolute necessity of such a step, to reconcile them to the sacrifice; for such they considered it. To an uncultivated mind the extent of a sacrifice which gave a bride possessed of youth, beauty and wealth, to a penniless fashionable, is not so painfully apparent as it was to the delicate perceptions of the family and friends of the bridegroom; and familiarity made it less shocking to them, particularly as the young couple took possession of the old family mansion, which, under the new regime, aided by the bride's wealth, speedily resumed its pristine magnificence.

So matters were arranged between the parvenus and their high-born neighbors, leaving Mrs. Candelwick at liberty to attend to troubles on her left hand, now that she had disposed of those on her right.

Directly around the corner stood a little, low building, half-ready to tumble down, and quite unoccupied. It was an eye-sore to Mr. and Mrs. Candelwick, and more than once they had attempted to purchase the lot, for the sake of pulling down the house and adding the grounds to their garden; but the proprietor, a German Jew, was obdurate. He seemed to take a spiteful pleasure in refusing to sell; no money would tempt him, and there was the ricketty building, full in view from the windows of the Candelwicks' mansion, as provoking to them as had been their gorgeous dwelling, in former times, to the Van der Zandts.

What was more annoying still than even the unsightly building, was the prospect of having neighbors there. Workmen were engaged in making it habitable, and before many weeks had passed the new resident had taken possession—had fitted up the back rooms as a dwelling, and the front room as a variety store; while Mrs. Johannsen's name glared on a signboard over the door.

This lady was a stout and healthy German woman—thrifty, neat and active. Her stock was well chosen, and exhibited in its arrangement a good degree of business talent; so that Mr. and Mrs. Candelwick's hopes of her speedy failure and consequent removal seemed destined to be blasted. She kept all the newspapers, magazines, &c.; so that the gentlemen in the vicinity found her little shop quite convenient, and in time even Mrs. Van der Zandt and Mrs. Candelwick sent in for pins, needles, hooks and eyes, &c., as occasion demanded.

Mrs. Johannsen was not very well versed in the English language, and her little daughter Mathilde, a girl of about thirteen years of age, acted as interpreter and saleswoman.

She was a sprightly little creature, and marvellously beautiful. Several artists who had caught a glimpse of her had begged to be allowed to paint her, and the whole neighborhood rang with her praises. Yet, in spite of all the flattery she received—which was enough to have turned many an older head—Mathilde was not vain. She was gay, naturally ready and quick at repartee, graceful, good-natured, and altogether charming. The

little boys in the neighborhood all liked her, she was so pleasant and kind, and as they grew older their liking changed into a warmer feeling. On Valentine's day she could count her missives by the basketful; and she could even boast of one or two duels where fisticuffs were the weapons to decide the claims of rival suitors to her favor.

Among her boyish lovers none was more ardent than young Harry Candelwick, then about fourteen years of age; and truth to tell, he was the favored one, though the little maiden, by nature a coquette, kept him in constant fever of uncertainty by a due alternation of smiles and frowns.

Young Harry made no secret of his fancy for Mathilde. He exhausted his pocket-money in lavishing presents upon her; and to Mrs. Candelwick's great annoyance, and to her husband's great amusement, stoutly asserted on all occasions, his determination to marry her as soon as he was "big enough."

The good father quieted his wife's fears by assuring her that at Harry's age he himself had been as desperately in love, though his passion had so far burned out as to prevent his marrying till he had reached the mature age of forty, and then his choice had not fallen on this object of his early passion, as she was well aware. He advised her, therefore, to follow his example, and treat Harry's fancy as a good joke. But as years passed on it promised to be no joking matter. Harry was sent out of town to college, but Greek and mathematics failed to drive Mathilde from his heart.

Mrs. Candelwick had hoped that as the girl grew older she would lose, as is so frequently the case, the beauty of the child, without gaining in its stead the charms of the maiden; but alas! she was prettier than ever when Harry returned from college in all the glory of a graduate, and he was, if possible, more desperately in love with her.

He was a most profitable customer at the news depot. He invited his idol to accompany him to the opera, on rides, &c., but Madame Johannsen would never allow her daughter to do so.

Strange as it would have seemed to Mrs. Candlewick, the German mother was as much opposed to receiving Harry as a son-in-law as his mother could be to Mathilde as a daughter. She could not forbid Harry to come to the store, as his ostensible errand was always to purchase something, but she took pains to wait on him herself, instead of allowing Mathilde to do so, and treated him as coldly as she could find it in her heart to treat so good a customer. But Harry was not to be disheartened so easily; in fact a smile from Mathilde always repaid him for her mother's coldness, and the money he wasted on the many articles that he did not know what to do with after he became their possessor.

Six months had elapsed after the young collegian's return to the city. Yet such had been the vigilance and skillful manœuvring of Mrs. Johannsen that he had not found an opportunity of exchanging as many words in private with Mathilde, and hardly as many in the presence of her mother.

It was, therefore, with a thrill of rapturous delight that he chanced to meet her walking alone in Brooklyn, where her mother had sent her to spend a few days with a friend, expressly to get out of her lover's way.

Fortune had for once favored him, and Harry began at once to make the best possible use of the opportunity this accidental meeting afforded him.

He found his idol as pretty as ever, as gay and as sparkling as he had imagined her. Her lips were as red, her teeth as white, and her voice as sweet as formerly, but her grammar was frightful. Every now and then some incorrect expression grated on his ear, making him wince almost as if an exposed nerve had been touched. Could it be possible, he asked himself, that in their childish intercourse she had expressed herself in such barbarous English?

In truth, Mathilde had been accustomed to German Society alone, and to speak her own language entirely, except in her dealings with her mother's customers. She had never been at school, for Mrs. Johamsen, good soul, cared nothing for "book-learning," and though Mathilde had native shrewdness enough to appear to good advantage in the commonplace queries and answers required in the store, when engaged, as now by Harry, in a general conversation, her ignorance was painfully apparent.

The work of disenchantment was rapidly being wrought by the only one who could have performed it. As in the old fairy tales she who had worn the spell alone could undo it.

As she talked on gayly, Harry, the fastidious, intellectual and talented gentleman—for such he was—pictured her as his wife in society, and shrank almost in disgust at the very idea of the realization of his long-cherished dream.

She, unconscious of the ruin of all her fondest hopes which she herself was making—for poor girl! she loved him with all the purity and fervor of a maiden's first love—chatted on in the fullness of her happiness, trying in vain to rouse him from his silence and moodiness.

Never had she looked more lovely; and as he gazed at her, she sighed heavily.

She pouted prettily, and uttered some words of reproach; but alas! in her brief sentence her violations of syntax were about as numerous as her words.

"Mathilde, you will drive me mad!" he exclaimed, almost involuntarily, and half beside himself. "Do not speak! I cannot bear it. You have the most beautiful mouth in the world, but from it issues the most execrable grammar imaginable!"

The girl looked at him in speechless astonishment, her lips quivered, and tears rushed into her eyes.

Recalled to himself by her emotion, he blushed for his own hasty and cruel speech. He reproached himself for his disregard of her feelings. He called himself a brute, and begged her forgiveness.

She did not reply for some moments, for she felt that she could not control her voice sufficiently to trust herself to speak. Then paying no heed to his apologies, she bade him good-bye, and walked off rapidly.

He attempted to accompany her, but she steadily repeated, "No! no!" the only English words she would utter, but in so determined a manner, and so entirely regardless of and deaf to his entreaties, that at last he bowed and left her.

After that day, though he made many attempts to see her, he was unable to do so. She avoided him as sedulously as his or her mother could have wished. His notes of apology were returned unopened. His peace offerings, in the form of presents, came back also; and, at last, he was forced to give up any further attempts at a reconciliation.

"Perhaps, after all, it is better so," he thought, and with a sigh—for he could not help respecting the womanly pride that dictated her conduct—he attempted to banish her from his mind.

He set sail soon after for Europe, where he was to spend three years, at least; and great was the relief experienced on his departure, both at the palace on the avenue, and at the news-depot round the corner.

Not long after Harry's departure, Mathilde proposed to her mother that she should send her to school. That good lady lauged at the idea, but her child still persisted in urging it. Finally, Mrs. Johannsen agreed to leave the matter to Uncle Jacob Steinhardt, her old bachelor brother, to whom she went for advice in all cases of difficulty. He it was, who owned the lot and building where Mrs. Johannsen was established, and he it was also, who had furnished the capital for his widowed sister, at the time of her assuming the avocation of a shopkeeper.

Mathilde was a great favorite with her uncle; but yet she rather feared an unfavorable decision on this matter so near to her heart; for she well knew that Uncle Jacob's failing was an idea, that no investment "paid" which did not bring back dollars and cents, and she feared that he would consider her plan most foolish and extravagant. Truth to tell, he did; but Mathilde nipped his objections in the bud by her caresses, and finally carried her point.

People said that "Old Jake Steinhardt," as he was generally called when he was not dubbed "Shylock," was a hard-hearted old curmudgeon, and that it would be as wise to attempt to soften a marble stature by entreaties, as to move him. But though it must be confessed that this was too true as regarded people in general, Mathilde had found a vulnerable spot in his heart.

The secret of her influence probably was, that she really loved him—loved him with a pure, ardent, and disinterested affection that the old man appreciated at its true value. She was the only one in the wide world who did thus love him. His sister respected, and was afraid of him, but her child felt for him that "perfect love which casteth out fear," and the old man prized that affection as he only can who has no other earthly love to cling to.

Mathilde had her way. She went to a school of her own choosing—an expensive boarding-school—where she studied just what she wished, regardless of cost, and old Jacob never grumbled, for her letters repaid him for all the expenditure. When she returned and exhibited her drawings—when she played upon the piano, and sung—the old man was as proud of her as possible, and as delighted as she at the progress she had made. Those three years had been indeed years of hard labor and of great improvement.

Mathilde had bent all her energies to the task of educating herself, and she had accomplished wonders. But her cultivation had not unfitted her for her daily duties, nor had she learned among her lessons that of looking with contempt on her mother and her uncle.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

## *SUFFRAGE CONVENTION IN IOWA.*

The *Burlington Hawkeye* renders the following report of a Suffrage Convention held in that city on the 15th inst.:

### WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

A meeting called to organize a Woman Suffrage Society came off at Mozart Hall at four o'clock Friday afternoon. There was a good attendance and considerable interest manifested. The meeting was organized by calling Judge J. C. Power to the Chair, and electing Mrs. M. S. Huston, Secretary. Judge Power briefly stated the object of the meeting and the status of the question of woman suffrage as affected by the proposed amendment to our State constitution.

A committee consisting of Mrs. M. A. P. Darwin, Mrs. Werner Boecklin and Dr. Beardsley, was appointed to present a plan of organization, who reported the following constitution, which was adopted:

CONSTITUTION.

ART. I. This Organization shall be called the Burlington Woman Suffrage Society.

ART. II. Its object shall be to secure the adoption of the amendment to our State Constitution on this subject, proposed by the Thirteenth General Assembly, and the elective franchise to woman throughout the country on equal terms with men.

ART. III. Any person favoring the object, and signing the Constitution and paying 50 cents into the treasury, may become a member of this association; and all members shall be entitled to vote at all meetings of the association.

ART. IV. The officers of this association shall be a President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, and an Executive Committee of five, three of whom shall constitute a quorum.

ART. V. The annual meeting of the association shall be held at such time and place as the Executive Committee shall designate, when reports shall be presented by the Treasurer, Secretary, and the Executive Committee; officers shall be elected for the ensuing year; and such other business shall be transacted as the interest of the cause may require.

ART. VI. Any town or other local society, formed to promote Woman's Suffrage, shall, on declaring itself auxiliary to this association, be recognized as such.

ART. VII. The Executive Committee may fill vacancies in its own body, or in any office, (the Presidency excepted,) occurring prior to the next ensuing annua meeting of the association.

ART. VIII. No money shall be paid by the Treasurer except under such restrictions as the Executive Committee may provide.

ART. IX. No distinction shall ever be made by this association on account of color, race, or sex.

X. This Constitution may be amended at any meeting of the association by a vote of three-fifths of the members present.

ART. XI. The President and Secretary of the association shall be ex-officio members of the Executive Committee.

A considerable number of persons had their names enrolled as members of the society.

Judge T. W. Newman was called out and made an earnest and interesting speech, in which he announced himself as warmly in favor of the enfranchisement of woman. He answered pointedly and effectually some of the more prominent objections made to this reform, and gave a striking illustration of the injustice of our own laws in reference to the wages of married women that recently came under his observation. A worthless, drinking husband was in the habit of drawing and expending his wife's wages, and when the employer of the woman applied to Judge Newman to ascertain if there was no law by which the woman could be secure in the wages she earned, he found on examination there was none. The drunken husband hired his wife out, and, by law, could suefor and collect the wages due for her work, even though they had been paid to her. The Judge spoke at some length and was heartily applauded.

A committee consisting of Mrs. Dunn, Mrs. Virgin and Judge Newman was appointed to propose names for permanent officers of the Association. They reported the following persons, who were elected:

President, Mrs. M. A. P. Darwin; Vice-President, Hon. J. C. Power; Secretary, Mrs. M. S. Huston; Treasurer, Miss M. Lewis; Executive Committee, C. Beardsley, Mrs. W. Boecklin, Miss Laura Derby, J. L. Brown and Mrs. D. Winter.

An interesting letter from a prominent business man, favoring the cause, was read. Mrs. Darwin made an eloquent speech on taking the chair, in which she expressed the opinion that nearly all intelligent, thoughtful women who had considered the subject are in favor of woman suffrage.

The Association adjourned to meet at the call of the Executive Committee.

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Two hundred and sixty girls are employed in the Government telegraph offices in Russia.

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## *LITERARY.*

The *Catholic World* for August, contains a second article in review of Friend's History of England, an admirable paper on Fenelon: being an address delivered before the Young Men's Christian Union of Boston, by the late Rev. J. N. Cummings, D. D., and several other well-written papers of equal interest to Catholics and Protestants.

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The *Atlantic Monthly* presents an unusually interesting table of contents for August. Bayard Taylor, Harriet Beecher Stowe, James Russell Lovell, W. D. Howells, and other well-known writers give us a pleasing variety of prose and verse. Mr. Fields' article on Dickens will, of course, be widely read just now, as the writer's intimate acquaintance with the great author enables him to speak advisedly.

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*Putnam's Magazine* for August gives us its usual pleasant variety

Miss Coooper's article on "Madame La Fayatte, and her Mother," is painfully interesting. Prof. Goldwin Smith writes of the "Constitution Crisis in England," and Mrs. M. C. Ames creeps in with her story. The poetry in this number is very mild.

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